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DEC DOLPHINS BRING THE HEALING HOME

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Dr. Brian Dailey supports The Monroe Institute's work through his memberships in our Professional Division and the Dolphin Energy Club remote healing group. Early this year, a personal health crisis gave us an opportunity to return the favor.

As a Dolphin Energy Club (DEC) member, I never considered that I would request DEC healing for myself. On Tuesday, February 22, I was driving my one-hour commute to work at the Emergency Department at Rochester General Hospital, Rochester, New York, for the 9 p.m.-6 a.m. shift. At 8:15 p.m. I began to have chest pain. By 8:45 p.m., it was unbearable. The pressure in my chest was enormous, and I was sweating profusely. I contemplated pulling over and requesting an ambulance, but it was only an eight-minute drive to the hospital. I called the hospital on my cell phone and said I was coming in. To say they rolled out the red carpet would be the understatement of the year. They whisked me into a cubicle, started intravenous lines, gave me sublingual nitroglycerine, intravenous morphine, oxygen, and aspirin, attached the cardiac monitor, and did an electrocardiogram. The first readout showed "ischemia in the anterolateral leads." Uh, oh! At forty-five years old, I was too young to be having angina or a heart attack. Thank God I was on my way to work and not in some out-of-the-way place—synchronicity strikes again. I thanked my guides for their timing. They said, "You are welcome."

My beloved wife, Margie, showed up. I asked her to contact Shirley and request DEC assistance. She had already thought of it and put in a request the first thing the following morning. I had terrific doctors (one of the perks of working at the University of Rochester School of Medicine and Dentistry is you know in advance who you would or wouldn't want). My cardiologist, Dr. Ed Arozoza, asked me the next morning if I had any allergies. I told him, "only to cardiac catheterizations." "What?" "Nothing." He went over risk factors. "You are diabetic, age forty-five, male, and have elevated cholesterol. Do you exercise?" "Right!" I majored in couch potato before getting a PhD in it. He strongly recommended a cardiac catheterization. They hoped to find that a single coronary vessel was involved so they could do an angioplasty or stent during the angiogram. If two or more vessels were involved, it meant a coronary artery bypass graft. Great. Don't get me wrong—I've done LIFELINE® and EXPLORATION 27®—I know there is an afterlife. I just wasn't in a hurry to get there yet!

They told me my cardiac cath had been moved up several hours, so I kicked back for the remaining one and a half hours and meditated. I immediately sensed a calming presence I knew to be my guides. Were they ever welcome! Then huge numbers of dolphins surrounded me. Some of them I just knew had to be DEC members, and I sensed Shirley there as well. I was blissed out. I "knew" this cath would go well. Dr. Tom Stuver, the interventional

cardiologist, was puzzled. The cath was normal. Entirely normal. “I don’t believe this, a forty-five-year-old diabetic with markedly elevated cholesterol should have some plaque in his arteries. You don’t have anything. I can’t explain it.” I can explain it with three letters: DEC. I haven’t had any chest pain since. My thanks to all of the DEC members. You really make a difference.

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